

we have done in the new-fashioned seats and chairs, I wonder?"

"My dear Stella, this is all new to you; what do you think?" asked Lady Trevanion, feeling it was time the child should be taken some notice of.

"I think it is very nice, auntie," Stella answered, wearily; "only—"; but the remainder of her sentence was lost in the drawing up of the carriage before the great front entrance, and the voice of her brother returning the greeting of the steward and one or two other domestic officials who were standing on the lower steps of the broad flight, waiting the arrival.

Very beautiful in its inward arrangements and decorations as in its outward surroundings was the mansion of Croombe Park. Stella, as she followed her brother and Lora from room to room—for Somerset was anxious to be the first to introduce Lora once more to all the old haunts and familiar chambers, now so splendidly embellished and transformed—inwardly wondered whether she should ever know her way through what seemed such interminable suits of rooms, all so rich, and for the most part so marvelously like one another. She was tired, too—tired in mind and body; and the thought that these spacious apartments would soon be occupied by strange, and, to her, ungenial guests, among whom she would have to move and act her part, with a heart so far away, made both mind and body yet more weary; and she was glad when at last her sister said,

"Well, I do not know that there is any use in your seeing any more to-night, Stella. If you could be taken to your room, you could get ready for dinner. And tell Clarice," she continued, as Somerset desired a servant to show Miss Stella her apartment, and the latter was turning not unthankfully away, "that I shall be ready for her in less than half an hour. Dinner not later than six, I suppose, Somerset?"

On reaching her own room, which was situated in the left wing of the mansion, Stella found a cheerful fire burning, and a youthful-looking unknown maiden kneeling before her trunks, which she was unpacking, Clarice standing over all as a presiding genius, looking as much at home as though she had inhabited Croombe Park all her days, and giving her directions with more perhaps of fluency than lucidity to the somewhat bashful stranger.

Towards the latter Stella glanced a look of inquiry.

"Mademoiselle Stella, your new maid," explained Clarice, introducing the blushing yet pleasing damsel (who had risen from her knees on Stella's entrance) to her young mistress.

"I occupy myself for the moment," she continued, "in explaining to Alice—which is her name—the manner in which she will make your toilet, and the dresses for the evening. If Miss Gower does not yet desire me, I myself will arrange you for this night;" and having delivered herself of this unusually-lengthy English speech, Clarice returned to her native tongue; and Stella, having given her sister's message, sank listlessly upon a seat before the fire, and allowed the French maid to exercise her talent upon her to her heart's content.

(To be continued.)

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Chiefly in Mercy and Pity.

Every believing soul is the Israel of God; therefore it is from every such soul that the grateful utterance may come—"Many a time, may Israel now say, many a time have my enemies fought against me from my youth up; yea, many a time have they vexed me from my youth up; but they have not prevailed against me!"

Who has not cause, in looking back over the checkered path of life, recalling its hours of doubt when the foot-hold seemed almost lost, its moments of temptation when the soul seemed irresistibly drawn to the very verge of sin, and recognizing all as the insidious work of the enemy, who has not full cause to echo this cry of David, adding,

it may be, with triumphant joy—"But they have not prevailed against me!"

But it is in such hours of retrospection that we realize most fully that it is the sustaining grace of God alone that has thus safely brought us over the difficult path studded with the snares and pitfalls, wherein so many have stumbled and fallen; then it is that we discern, as at no other time, the various "ways of escape" mercifully made for us in the very midst of temptation or trial. Were it otherwise, how different were our record of the past, how hopeless our outlook for the future. How complete the defeat instead, of the victory now acknowledged, and how dark the retrospect even from our youth up. Truly, if there be aught whereof the soul may glory in its warfare with evil, to that mercy and pity alone it is due, and with that other warrior of noble fame, from each heart must the humble confession arise—"It is by the grace of God that I am what I am."

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Twilight Thoughts

"It is the hushed and holy twilight time,
When pleasant memories unbidden start;
When best I love to weave in simple rhyme
The gentle fancies thronging to my heart."

Would I could picture in true and graphic colours that brief season of sad sweet thoughts—the evening twilight. If the long summer day has any period of happiness for my spirit—any moment of quiet joy to be treasured in the heart, then, as soft and refreshing as the dew, it descends upon me. Everything is so fraught with a subdued and spiritual loveliness, that one's every thought glows with pure and holy poetry, and the soul, forgetting the real, wanders on through the "radiant realm of the ideal," till spirit and being are imbued and absorbed in the beautiful visions floating down on the soft summer air! How strangely beautiful are the few brief moments when the sun has set, ere the stars begin to send, like gazing angels, their spirit-glances to our hearts!

"That hour once sacred to God's presence, still
Keeps itself calmer from the touch of ill,
The holiest hour of Earth. Then toil doth cease—
Then from the yoke the oxen doth find release—
Then man rests pausing from his many cares,
And the world teems with children's sunset prayers!

Then innocent things seek out their natural rest,
The babe sinks slumbering on its mother's breast;
The birds beneath their leafy covering creep,
Yea, even the flowers fold up their buds in sleep."

Sometimes we have a twilight when no sun or star appears, when no fleecy cloud or silvery moon floats in the realms of boundless space. May we not call it the type of unity and immensity; immensity that embraces and contains all things, and of unity that admits no opposite! And does not thus to the believer seem the presence of the Deity, an undivided and all-pervading essence, penetrating and lighting the depths of his inner life to the exclusion of all opposing qualities—the atmosphere of love and peace, in which his soul expands with freedom and delight, and Faith, refreshed and invigorated, plumes her eagle wings for her flight to the better land?

Then at first comes up one bright star. Were there no more, what a wonder and a beauty even one would be? Companion at times, of the crescent moon, walking through the blue fields of heaven by her side, heightening and glorifying the kingdom of Night, should we not watch for its coming with reverent hearts, and almost worship its brightness? But now, from the Cynosure to the Southern Cross, a whole zodiac of immeasurable space is blazing with starry worlds. Soon through our horizon will they flash, bright as a new creation, upon us. Think, O man!

"How vast His power, how glorious must He be
Who has with stars, as though with diamond
flowers,
Thick sown the regions of immensity!"

Think of thy insignificance, and yet again think, when all these are quenched and fled, thy life wil-

but have known its beginning, its dawn. Its noonday, where—where can we place it in the cycle of eternity?

Who does not love the twilight hour? The busy cares of the day are over—all is hushed and peaceful, and there is but little to interrupt our meditative fancies. Happy they who can recall the events of the day, and meet no act they now wish undone—no word that were better unsaid—no thought or feeling indulged which it were wrong to cherish. Such twilight thoughts are followed by sweet and invigorating sleep—a dew of blessing and repose—giving the spirit, as the same season gives the flowers and the tender grass, a new life—a morning of freshness and fragrance, of purity and peace.

So too, of Age, the evening twilight of the day of life. Its reflections and its repose depend upon the day which precedes it;—and may we all live for that better morning.

Prayer for the Seven Fold Gifts of the Spirit.

We pray for *Wisdom*, more and more
To know the God our hearts adore.
For *grace*, to *Understand* and feel,
The truths Thou dost to faith reveal.
For *Counsel*, to be wise and true
In judging what is right to do.
For *Ghostly Strength*, to meet the foe
And bear with courage, toil and woe.
For *Knowledge*, to direct our will
To choose the good and shun the ill.
For *Godliness*, like God to be
In truth, and love, and purity.
For *Holy Fear*, to watch and pray,
And keep within the narrow way.

A Catechism for Parents.

You send your children to the Sunday School. Do you ever visit the school? Do you know what kind of a teacher your child has? Do you know what the instructions are? You sometimes find fault that your child has no teacher, or that the teacher is not a good one. Do you know the difficulties in getting a good teacher? Have you ever offered yourself as a teacher? God requires you to teach your own child its Christian duties. By what right do you place the religious instruction of your child into another person's hands, and that person a stranger to you? Have you ever thanked that teacher for instructing your child? Do you attend the church to which the Sunday School belongs?

The Church is at a great deal of expense to do good to yourself and your children—do you help pay its expenses? Of course you give a nickel to your children for the Sunday School, and the child gets it back again in rewards and entertainments, but do you help pay the Church's expenses? Do you ever go to the minister and thank him for the Sunday School, and for his interest in your child?

You want your child to be "good." Do you set a good example? Do you lead it towards Heaven? The way to Heaven is through the doors of the Church. Do you attend church? If not, why do you tell your child to go where you don't go yourself?

Do you help your child to be good? Do you have family prayer? Grace at table? Bible lesson with your children? Do you make God's Day holy? Who is responsible to God for your children, you, or some Sunday School teacher? Do you consider that God has loaned these children to you, and will require them back with a blessed interest? That their eternal life or eternal loss rests almost wholly in your hands?

Dear friend, after you have given your children a nickel, and sent them off to Sunday School, for somebody else to teach, sit down a while and consider your fearful responsibility to God for your own children. Plainly but kindly,

A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

—Constancy is a virtue, but obstinacy is not. It is God's prerogative not to repent, and to make unchangeable resolves.